

# THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC

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L. SCALLAN,  
Bishop of Salt Lake.

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## JESUS OF NAZARETH.

"I give testimony that this is the Son of God."  
—John I. 34.

That the ancient Hebrews—the Hebrews of the days of the prophets—had clear notions of the Messiah there can be no doubt. It is singular, however, that with their sacred Books, their traditions, and their Talmuds, the Jews for a century before the birth of Christ, should have formed to themselves chimerical ideas of the Messiah, utterly unknown to their forefathers.

Their own prophets, beginning in ancient times, had foretold that the Messiah would, when he came among men, be God and man, exalted and abased, master and servant, priest and victim, prince and subject; swallowed up in death, yet victor over death; rich, yet poor; a king, a conqueror, a man of griefs, acquainted with infirmities, unknown in a state of abjection and humiliation. All these contraries were to be reconciled, according to the voice of prophecy, in the person of the Messiah, and, as they really were, in the person of the Redeemer.

It was foretold, indeed it was known, that the Messiah was to be born of a virgin; of the tribe of Judah; of the race of David; in the village of Bethlehem. It was also foretold and believed that the Anointed One—the Messiah—was to continue forever; that his coming was to be concealed; that he was to work wonders; that he should die and rise again; that proofs of his divine Sonship and his prophetic mission would be the cure of lepers, life restored to the dead, and the gospel, that is, the will of God, preached to the poor. Furthermore, the ancient prophets by God, prophesied that the Christ—the Holy One—should not destroy the law of the Covenant, but should perfect and fulfill it; that he should be a stone of offence, and a stumbling block, against which many would bruise themselves; that he should suffer many oppositions and contradictions; that, beginning with him, the worship of idols would disappear, the power of Satan diminish, and, stranger of all, the Gentiles, and the inhabitants of the islands of the sea, and of the lands far off, would submit themselves to his authority, to the sceptre of the chemite.

When Caiaphas, the high priest, said to Jesus on trial for blasphemy, "I adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us if thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Many of the proofs and signs of his Messianic mission were in the possession of Caiaphas, were well known to the doctors of the law and to the members of the Sanhedrin Congress. Indeed, our Savior appeals to these more learned in the Scriptures, calls their attention to these marks of the Messiah, and asks if they do not see them visible in himself and his mission. Though these characters were sadly depraved among the common people who, at his coming, entertained a false conception of the Messiah, still the disciples and apostles take particular care to put the Jews in mind of them to prove that Jesus is the Messiah and the Christ foretold by the prophets. St. Peter quoted the prophecies to the multitude to prove to them that in expecting a temporal monarch and a conqueror who should remove the Roman yoke and subject the world to Jerusalem, they were deceiving themselves.

There can be no doubt of it; the Jewish nation, at about the time of our Lord's birth, entertained a very general expectation of the appearance of the Messiah, and, we now know, they had more ways than one of computing the period of the coming of "the Expected of Ages."

From a collation of the passages occurring in the writings of Josephus, the Jewish historian, and of the Roman annalists, Tacitus and Suetonius, we notice that three historians agree (1) that there was a general expectation, not only among the Jews, but all over Asia, of a new kingdom to appear at about the time of the birth of Christ which would, in time, take in the whole earth. (2) This opinion, according to Suetonius, was very ancient and, from remote times, unbroken; "it is found in the holy books of the prophets, derived down also

by tradition and is the sense of the sacred prophecies, and so understood by their wise men," writes Josephus. (3) This persuasion was contained "in the sacred books of the priests," writes Tacitus; "in the Holy Books of the prophets," saith Josephus; "in the libri fatales, the Cybiline prophecies," adds Suetonius. (4) The opinion of the Jews, Josephus informs us, was that a certain man of their nation was coming to rule the world, that the time prophesied for his advent was now at hand, and that he was to be born in Bethlehem.

At the time of the birth of the Messiah, all Judea was in a state of expectancy, and no great astonishment was expressed by the people when the Magi—the wise men from afar—asked in the streets of Jerusalem: "Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

Well, nearly two thousand years have rolled through the universe since these things happened, and, wonder of wonders, the Gentiles, and "the inhabitants of the isles of the sea," and "the people of the lands afar off," adore the "King of the Jews." The Kings of Tharsis and of the islands offer him presents; the Kings of Saba and the Arabians bring gifts, and the nations that sat in darkness worship the Light, Glory, honor, and praise, and adoration, be thine, O "Jesus of Nazareth, King of Jews," now and forevermore.

## A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus:—It has been many years since I have written to you, many, many years indeed, as measured by a man's life, and yet I have often thought of you in your far-away home, amid your toy shops, and I have always thought of you as the best and kindest and jolliest old saint in all the world. I have noticed since I was a boy that your personal appearance has not changed very much, though I have of course noticed that you have become much more numerous than you used to be, and I have sometimes felt that you have lost some of the efficiency which marked your operations of thirty or forty years ago. In my wanderings about our busy world, I have noticed places where I know your dear feet have never trod. I have been in some of the big cities, where children are huddled together in small, dirty and dingy apartments which they call home, and I do not believe your presence has ever brought joy to the hearts of those little ones. I know that some of these "homes" are so far out of your beaten paths that it is almost impossible for you to get around to them; I know there are no great big chimneys with open fireplaces through which you may enter these places, and I know that the stairways and hallways are so very narrow that you could not carry your pack of toys through them. But even in these homes you are loved most dearly, and the little ones there never speculate on what you will leave them, but only whether you will be able to find them in their out-of-the-way places.

Knowing these things, Dear Santa Claus, I do not ask you to give me any temporal gift which in a few days I would forget or throw aside, but I have a greater gift to ask. And I know that you can supply that gift out of your storehouse of good things. You have been my friend through the heat of summer and the cold of winter; you have given me strength to bear the brunt of many battles in the world, and you have comforted me when things were not going the way I would have them go. For these things, of course, I feel most deeply grateful, and I would ask you not to forget me in the eventide of my life.

I would ask you to make me and all the other men in the world feel that we are partners with you in spreading good cheer throughout the world. We all know that you cannot possibly find all the stockings that are hung up on Christmas eve. And we know that those stockings which hang in the out-of-the-way places if filled with the things which the loving children want, or with only a part of the things, will add to the sum of human happiness, oh, so much. My deep, deep wish is that not one dear, loving child will be overlooked. That I know is your wish, too. So I ask you to come to me and to all the other grown-ups and fill us with your generous spirit, turn our thoughts away from ourselves to those about us and open our eyes and hearts and—yes, our pocketbooks—that we may help you in making others happy. If you will but bring that gift to us, I feel sure that there will be mighty few children who will hang up their stockings in vain.

## THE "INSANITY" FARCE.

Over in Kansas last week a man committed a most atrocious murder, so atrocious that the jury which heard the evidence and the pleadings of his lawyer believed the murderous deed to be so contrary to right reason and human nature that they brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." The lawyer acting for the murderer did not deny that the prisoner committed murder, but said that at the time he murdered his victim he was insane. He was a wealthy and influential man, and he was able to employ the best legal talent of his state to defend him. He showed no signs of insanity before the act, during his trial, nor, since his acquittal, has he done anything that an insane man might be expected to do. If he were a laborer, or a mechanic, he would have got a life sentence or been sent to the scaffold.

There is an alarming misapprehension in the public mind in regard to "insanity." Members of the legal profession are compelled, if they seek eminence at the bar, to reason closely, and to analyze. They have rarely the advantage of a training in Aristotelian logic; they are compelled to rough-hew a logic for themselves—and to make it more practical than Whately's loose sheets, or John Stuart Mills' prolix pamphlet. They learn, at least to take advantage of the vagaries of public opinion about what constitutes "insanity."

Now let us glance at the presentation of this "insanity" business, this insanity as a plea for murder. Some disreputable character gets very

angry at another disreputable fellow, and shoots or stabs him unto death. The plea is put up in his defense of "emotional insanity." This plea had its origin in a fiction, framed to meet a stupidity in the laws we inherited from England. According to the civil law of Europe, a man finding anyone in "flagrant delictu," that is, too immediately intimate with one especially dear to him, was "supposed not to have possession of his senses," and, if without going to search for a weapon, but with whatever instrument happened to be at his hand, he slew the betrayer of his peace, the civil law held him harmless—considering him too maddened to be responsible for his acts.

But, according to English law, transcribed into the statutes of the American Union, the aggrieved man was not supposed to lose his self-possession for a minute. His remedy was to sit down and count up, in pounds, shillings and pence, the price of the "comfort" he had been deprived of by the poacher on his private domain; and to sue him for damages as is done today in Great Britain and Canada. Modern law books tell us this was "common law as distinguished from the civil." These books, and their authors, do not state the facts. The "common law" or "laws of the commons of the peace," had their origin in the south of France, towards the close of the tenth century. Their glory was developed in the eleventh century, all over France. But in those "laws of the commons," of which Ives of Chartres was the great exponent, this principle of the civil law in regard to the supposed "temporary madness" of an outraged man was perfectly preserved.

The common law was carried to England by the French Normans, but it underwent much modification. The aggrieved party could now challenge the wrecker of his peace and of his home to deadly combat, that is, to a duel, mounted or on foot, or he could sue him for damages, but he could not murder him. The challenger had always the choice of weapons. As interpreted, practically, by American juries, the first instance, we believe, has yet to be found in which a wronged husband, father, or brother, who avenged his family honor has not been found "insane," as the law requires for a verdict of not guilty. The "insanity" plea is a subterfuge. The meaning is, that no American jury will condemn a man who protects the women of his family from the incursion of the unprincipled prowler, and that a man thus wronged is supposed to be irresponsible for his actions, in the presence of the scoundrel that has wronged him. But right here we would ask: "If the woman tempts and seduces the man, as often happens, why murder the man?"

Again, why carry the plea of insanity into every case where the murderer happens to be a rich or an influential man? Is it only the politician and the well-to-do who become insane when about to commit murder?

The fact is, the jury system in our republic is becoming a screaming farce, and the knife, or the gun, laugh at the scaffold and the penitentiary. A too loose moral code in regard to marriage, the family, and the sanctity of human life, has increased disproportionately the sale of the stiletto and the pistol.

## OLNEY'S STARTLING DECLARATION.

Richard Olney, retiring president of the Massachusetts Bar association, at its annual meeting December 17, said:

"The melancholy and undeniable fact is that we are distinguished among the nations of the earth for widespread lawlessness and for contempt of the laws of God." That is to say, the American people are without faith and live as if God were not. Let us pause here and think back.

There have been two centuries in the world's history notoriously atheist and destitute of faith. The first was the beginning of the Christian era, when the gods were abandoned, their worship neglected, their temples closed and their priests banished. For the adoration of the gods, Neroism—the worship of the Emperor—was substituted, followed by a state of society so fearful as to be absolutely incredible if positive proof were not submitted for our examination. The degradation of society was appalling; social life, as we read in Quo Vadis, was a carnival of cruelty and sensuality, and around the neck of the expiring empire were wound in succession those monstrous human pythons, the bloodthirsty and barbaric Emperors, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, Claudius and Domitian. That awful condition has been written of by two witnesses: one who lived in that day, and saw those things with his own eyes—the Apostle Paul—who described them in pathetic and fearful representation in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans.

Against the torrent of cruelty and licentiousness Roman law was raised, as a barrier, in vain. St. Paul warned his Roman converts that the world cannot be made better by law; that the decomposition of a people's morals follows the ignoring of or the entire forgetfulness of God, "whom," adds the Apostle, "the nations once knew, and then left him."

The other witness was altogether unrestrained by any feelings of modesty; he gloats in bringing out all the abominations of that awful first century. Satan sat upon the altars of the world, and Satan was the god the world then worshipped. That first century foretold the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

And what of the other century? In the eighteenth century, all over the continent of Europe, faith—and with it Christianity—was by common consent renounced. And we say this because history is a witness to the truth of it. In the eighteenth century, France, openly, positively and deliberately, renounced religion and faith; blasphemed God; desecrated her churches and her altars, cast out the Virgin Mother and her Son, Jesus Christ, and raised up on the altars of her cathedrals, a prostitute—the symbol of the goddess of

reason—worshipped her with abominable orgies, and declared that death was an eternal sleep. France abolished the Christian Sunday, and instituted a day of licentiousness, liberty, pleasure and sin.

There were no longer homes, alas, the very word was fast losing its significance; marriages were merely bargains, they were not marriages, and the divorces and desertions aided and added to the general licentiousness. Only the arts of the courtesan, the actress, the stage gymnast and the orator, were fostered. France drove out her nuns and Sisters of Charity, and protected by law her prostitutes and harlots, as Portugal is now doing. Religion had no relation to social life, to moral law, for it no longer had the power to direct the one or enforce the other.

These were the beliefs and the acts of France in the closing days of the eighteenth century. Every schoolboy knows the deluge of sorrow and the sea of punishment that soon rolled over that fair land and its people. The horrors of the Revolution: the Reign of Terror; how the streets of Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, and the River Seine, ran red with blood; how the entire nation groaned beneath enormity, iniquity and suffering, and how, down to this day, that most beautiful country of Europe has never recovered the shock of the abandonment of her Christian faith.

Is forgetfulness of the past on the part of a people a weird form of national insanity, and can it be that it was from a study of the dead centuries, Euripides, four hundred years before the Redemption, cried out, "those whom God wills to destroy, he first makes mad?"

Is this insanity beginning to manifest itself in the social and moral life of the American people?

## THE CHAMPION COW.

The world's champion cow, Chief Josephine, of the Agricultural college of the University of Missouri, has a record for the last six months of producing an average of forty-seven quarts of milk a day. During this period, her banner day's production was fifty-five quarts, or 110 pounds of milk.

That record of production is almost unbelievable, but the figures are given on the authority of the University of Missouri, and there is no room to doubt them. To produce this phenomenal yield, Josephine ate food at an average cost of 65 cents a day, which is probably pretty close to the cost of maintaining an average cow. But Josephine is not an average cow. She comes from a long line of well-bred cows, a condition which all those who have mastered the rudiments of farm life and stock raising know to be indispensable to the production of high-grade cattle. She is not an accident, any more than are the cows which eat up more than they produce and make the dairymen's business a hard road to travel—with a profit. There is no mystery about the champion cow. The Agricultural college has worked to secure a cow of phenomenal milk production, and the road of development is open to all who read. Probably it is not possible to develop a herd to such a wonderful degree of efficiency, nor so to develop many individual cows, but if the standard of dairy cows could be raised to a production of only half that of Chief Josephine, the dairymen selling at present prices would soon live in palaces surrounded by all the comforts which almost unlimited wealth can produce.

## STILL OPTIMISTIC.

Along the latter part of November an interview was published purporting to set forth the views of Mr. James J. Hill on the business and financial outlook of the country, which were very dismal, indeed. Inasmuch as Mr. Hill had long been looked upon as a very consistent optimist, the publication of a pessimistic opinion from the great railroader caused a flurry in the stock markets and served to accentuate the depression which has fallen upon the business world. Mr. Hill immediately denied the correctness of the interview, and said he could see no present cause for alarm. Although he thought the outlook for new enterprises did not indicate any great activity, he considered that general conditions are, on the whole, sound. In the face of a wave of depression, which extends from one end of the country to the other, it is indeed a pleasure to read that in the opinion of Mr. Hill general conditions are sound. Just what has caused the depression, or whether it exists in fact, are questions hard to answer. The calamity-howler has been rather persistently active for a year, and despite bumper crops and normal mine production, the business of the country has slackened speed. Possibly we are enjoying a period of normal conditions, as opposed to the high-pressure under which we worked for several years. But Mr. Hill is still optimistic, and if his spirit were more general, no doubt the depression would soon pass.

## WINTER SPORTS.

One of the very ancient philosophers announced it as his opinion that a man must either take physic or exercise, or he will soon be sick. That seems to be as true today as it was in the days ago, but the modern man has learned that the exercise is by far the more preferable way of maintaining physical health. Of course, a great majority of men take their exercise by proxy, for they watch baseball games in the summer and football in the fall, and they sit by their own fireside in winter waiting for spring to open up, so they can get out again in the open air. The season is upon us now when most of us are prone to remain indoors. We know, of course, that we ought to get out, but we feel disinclined to brave the cold. We all rather tend to mollycoddle ourselves when the winter is upon us. But the season offers quite many pastimes as any other, although in Utah the real winter season is rather short. However, if we can overcome the desire to spend the long evenings

before the stove with a book, and will just try walking when there is no skating, we will find ourselves exhilarated in body and mind. And when skating is possible, it will be found the hardest of exercise. And not even football can compare with hockey as a game requiring quick wits and a sound body.

Hockey has never attained the popularity it deserves in the United States. The Canadians love the game, and they play it almost universally. And the many variations of the game offer the widest scope of fun to be had by all. Bowling, although an indoor game, furnishes to many the required exercise to keep them in first-class physical condition. Then, too, the gymnasiums with their basketball floors furnish the required exercise for a few. But to maintain bodily vigor and to be free from colds and other infirmities to which the flesh is heir, outdoor exercise, whether in the form of some game, or just plain walking, is essential. It is easier to keep good health than it is to regain it once it is gone, and outdoor exercise is an important factor in keeping it.

## "UNDER WHICH FLAG, POLONIUS?"

Victor Berger, the Socialist orator, is honest enough to admit that Christianity and Socialism cannot mix; the one antagonizes the other. And he is right. A man cannot be a Christian and a Marxist Socialist at the same time. Socialism, that is the Socialism of Carl Marx, preached today in the United States, is, in its fundamental principles, and in practice and theory, the enemy of Jesus Christ, our Lord, and the foe of Christianity. "Jesus of Nazareth," exclaims Modill, dead. How can a dead man meet the living issues of today. Let us speak of someone or something that has an interest for living men, for today.

With all its fanfare and altruistic professions, Socialism is the grossest materialism, and, because it is such, it is a most dangerous innovation among a large class of our people who have lost all interest in another world and in the life to come. When, therefore, men like Bishop Spalding and the Rev. E. I. Goshen attempt by mixing Socialism with Christianity, to reconcile Socialism to the church, the melancholy result must be to stultify their own Christian professions and their ordination vows by making their churches local centers for anti-Christian propaganda.

Socialism publicly proclaims it is concerned only for the things of this world; it is strictly of the earth, earthly, and its orators, down deep in their hearts, have only contempt for the ordinal preacher who professes to preach the doctrines of Jesus Christ in the temple and the teachings of Marx and La Salle in the hired hall.

The preacher who expects Socialism will change human nature for the better is not unlike the mother who expects her boy, when he grows to man's estate and has a vote, to change the face of the political world. Her boy, from a political point of view, is the same as his mother. He has all those great qualities of innocence, and gentleness, and love of truth and honor taught him by his mother and sister. A visitor from our nearest planet who knew no more about our affairs than this fact, and the fact that our economic and political affairs were sorely in need of improvement, would come to the conclusion that as soon as this lovable boy grew old enough to vote, the millennium of our reconstruction would begin. But experience convinces us that nothing of that kind happens. The boy grows to manhood in a hundred thousand homes, casts his first ballot, but, alas, the citadel of graft and corruption does not instantly crumble.

The walls of Jericho stand firm, because the boy has been transformed in the very act of voting. He has multiplied himself and has become "the boys," one hundred thousand of whom vote to turn the rascals out," while the other hundred thousand vote to let the rascals stay where they are, for experience has taught them that the rascals who want to get in are no better than the rascals who don't want to get out. It will take much arguing to persuade us that the Socialist rascal will be any improvement on the Democratic and Republican rascals who now govern us.

It is almost too late now to shop early, but you may still shop as early as you can.

If you had just cut that last summer's vacation about a week, there might be a little more for the Christmas presents that are pressing now.

Still, we have heard no complaints as to the high cost of living from Santa Claus.

"No exchanges," advertise the stores. Yes, that means Christmas presents, too.

It can't be possible that the pictures of the hobble nowadays will look any funnier fifty years hence than the hoop variety does now.

The decline in the cost of living, however, has not seriously affected the man looking for work.

Premier Asquith seems to be a typical Englishman. He doesn't seem to understand that the women want to vote.

"Remember when you thought 20 cents a pound was a ruinous price for steak?" asks a Chicago paper. No; we're not a centenarian.

The discussion of the revision of the football rules at least helps the sporting editors to fill an aching void.

Notwithstanding Thanksgiving is past, we shall be thankful if the reported drop in prices will just fall in our neighborhood.

When a man realizes that he doesn't amount to much, he hunts up a genealogist to find some ancestor upon whose performances he can lay claim.